

Revenving Farce

Insist, again, on righteousness,
eyes fastening. Next time, cowards
laugh, trusting there's an end of it. Bide
your hallowed space & then: eviscerate mid-
dance—it's your bounden duty. In melee,
other dancers pitch, thus, collateral
benefits of lust.

History repeats itself: first as tragedy, then as farce. —Marx, others